



Prince Edward Island

BY

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Prince Edward Island

Thou crescent shaped and sea-girt isle,
In length above one hundred mile,
Why should Prince Edward by thy name ?
To honor royalty it came.

Abegweit, name that Indians gave,
And it means resting on the wave ;
St. John from Frenchmen it received,
Prince Edward Island this relieved.

O, then, tight Island of the sea,
What can I say in praise of thee ?
Fair are thy fields in summer's bloom,
Or in the haze of autumn's gloom.

Thy people, as a rule, are kind,
And their religious duties mind ;
To education they attend,
And to the school their children send.

Thy smart young men have made a name,
In ev'ry clean and manly game ;
Others in Legislative Hall,
And in the learned professions all.

Thy maidens fair are not behind
In culture, with good sense combined,
With confidence they take their place,
And nobly strive to win the race.

Our Island's state is fairly good,
In general, conduct as it should ;
We very favorably compare
With other provinces, though fair.

Though lofty heights we may not see,
Still pleasing is thy scenery;
Orchards and lovely farms are seen,
With brooks and wealth of evergreen.

How gently slope thy rolling hills,
And quietly flow thy water rills ;
Some parts are level as the sea,
With cornfields rich, and grassy lea.

Our forest trees are rich in leaves,
And gently wave in summer breeze ;
Their murmur seems a Siren's song ;
We love to listen to it long.

Delightful is our view o'er seas,
And bracing is the briny breeze,
And sometimes high the waves that roar,
And break upon our crimson shore.

In summer heat our nights are cool,
Grasses and flowers of dew brimfull,
And fields in deep blue-green we see,
In beauty rivalling the sea.

When evening clouds are scarlet red
Along the west horizon spread,
Or when they're lined with burnished gold,
The scene 's entrancing to behold.

Our farmers' homes are cosy, neat,
With plate and furniture complete ;
Within is every comfort found,
And good machinery around.

We were first in Prohibition,
Which improved our men's condition,
Helping them to live as they should,
Sober and wise and just and good.

For tourists who are seeking rest,
The garden province is the best ;
Here failing health they may repair.
In balmy, bracing healthful air.

Good wholesome menu here is found,
And pleasures of all kinds abound,
In good hotels along our shore,
Where some would feign stay evermore.

The sweet aroma of the flowers,
After the cooling summer showers,
Is wafted sweetly on the breeze,
Along the hills, among the trees.

Sweet is the water of our rills,
Meandering through the vales and hills ;
If strangers wait to take a drink,
They oft will of our fountains think.

When cultivated with good care,
Our ample fields are rich and fair,
With wealth of clover, white and red,
Where flocks and herds are daily fed.

Vast are our fields of golden grain,
Ripened by sunshine and by rain :
And sweet and wholesome are our roots,
And rich the flavor of our fruits.

And our potatoes are the best
Of any north, east, south or west ;
And when they're in full blossom white,
The field is pleasing to the sight.

'Tis God our land that beautifies,
Our harvest fields that fructifies,
The summer breezes softly sends,
And all our comforts to us lends.

Their wealth our farmers will not tell ;
To other provinces will sell ;
And place their money in the bank,
And some of them the Lord will thank.

Prosperity forgets the Lord ;
Oft wealthy men condemn His word ;
They think that all the world 's their own,
And this is in their conduct shown.

But Zion's children God will praise,
In solemn sweet and thankful lays ;
Our land is with His bounties filled,
These mercies first in Heaven He willed.

Our people, not oppressed with care,
Grow up in manly beauty rare ;
Their fine virility they show,
When forth into the world they go.

Our horses are by weight the best,
In race are oft before the rest ;
Our cattle often take the prize,
Sometimes in beauty and in size.

Some men are busy now-a-days,
With foxes black and silver grays,
Thinking that they will fortunes make
And moneyed men their chances take.

The industry they say is good,
And dividends are all they should,
That men with safety may invest,
And to good fortune leave the rest.

Of late has come the Karakul,
With finest fleece of curly wool;
Abundance then of furs we'll have,
And for our comfort we shall laugh.

Our oysters are the best that's found
In any bay or any sound;
The quality is all it should,
And then the quantity is good.

When strangers come they get a fear,
To come again they can't resist;
They find that they have gained in flesh,
That cheeks are red, and face is fresh.

Here streams flow gently to the sea,
In them some lovely trout there be;
The sportsman here his rod may ply,
At eve take home a nice supply.

Autos have come, those dread machines,
Down knocking men, and breaking shins;
So far few accidents have come,
Though great indeed is fear of some.

More dreaded they're than aeroplane,
Because they have their thousands slain;
In Charlottetown no mischief's done,
Although upon our streets they run.

If autos had roads of their own,
They might then travel all alone,
And speed along fast as the wind.
Both day and night as they have mind.

Then coming next is aeroplane,
To carry mails across the main;
We hope they will not turtle turn,
Nor gasoline take fire and burn.

The car-ferry is coming sure,
And will advantages secure;
No surplus produce then shall be,
We'll ship it all beyond the sea.

Our winters are a little long,
But still our men are stalwart strong;
Enough of work they all can find,
And blustery weather will not mind.

When weather is too stormy wild,
The farmer sits his fire beside,
And smokes his pipe, and tells a yarn,
And then looks out to see his barn.

His clever wife is through the house,
And won't allow a little mouse;
Nor will endure a speck of rust,
Will brush away each grain of dust.

She 's getting up the dinner fine,
And makes her kitchen all to shine;
And soon her table 's richly spread,
And all are bountifully fed.

The farmer waits for a finer day
And then takes out his horse and sleigh,
The music of his bells you'll hear,
Falling so sweetly on your ear.

O'er snow and glittering ice they'll drive,
Though late at home they may arrive;
The bracing air they did inhale,
And red are cheeks that had been pale.

'Tis God that all our blessings give,
And by His bounty that we live,
Famine has never touched our shore,
God blessed our basket and our store.

No foreign foes did entrance get,
The sword unsheathed we saw not yet ;
We are both happy now and free,
In this the hand of God we see.

Nor of a plague were we cut down,
Neither in country nor in town ;
The people here are blest with health,
And many of them with fair wealth.

By land lords we were once distressed,
But that evil has been long redressed,
And banished from our land 's that pest,
And since with comforts we are blest.

The wicked when in power 's a beast,
Whom with the sword we should resist ;
The earth belongs to God in Heaven,
Which He to sons of men has given.

No son of man should have much power.
He may turn tyrant any hour ;
Himself he would from labor save,
And make his fellow man a slave.

And now I will relate in brief,
Few of those things in which we're chief ;
Our neighbors we would not offend,
But our compliments to them send.

We're first in the fox industry,
As well as in good husbandry ;
Also first in prohibition,
And foremost at exhibition.

How beautiful 's our starry sky,
With countless orbs of lights on high,
Giving to earth their silvery light,
And dreamy splendor to the night.

Some days we have a thunder shower,
Which sometimes lasts not quite an hour;
Then balmy summer breezes blow,
And soft o'er vale and hill they go.

Now the sun shines glorious bright,
Filling the land with golden light ;
The clouds above have rolled away,
And sweet and pleasant is the day.

Where maples young their branches spread,
The autumn leaves are crimson red ;
Others are of a golden hue,
And all delightful to the view.

Our wealth is in our fertile soil,
And in our noble sons of toil ;
Abundant is the crop that's grown,
In the green isle we call our own.

The Island 's a good place to live,
For rich returns the fields do give;
The laboring man can living make,
Besides, some days of rest can take.

This year (1914) we're favored every way.
With roots and fruits, and grain and hay,
Abundance is for man and beast,
The richer class can have a feast.

'Twas God that gave us fruitful land,
And summers, showery, shiny, bland ;
From Him alone our favors came,
Forever honored be His name.

P. E. I.

	IN A.D.
Discovered by Cartier	1534
Ceded to the English	1763
Made a seperate province	1770
First House of Assembly	1773
Called Prince Edward Island	1799
Preparation made for opening National School	1821
First Newspaper (P. E. I. Register) printed	1823
A Board of Education organized	1830
First Steamship (Pocahontas)	1832
Government House built	1835
Central Academy opened	1836
Official Visitor appointed	1837
Corner Stone of Provincial Building laid	1843
Belfast Riot (between Political parties)	1847
Simultaneous Polling Act passed	1848
Responsible Government granted	1851
Free Education Act passed	1852
Normal School opened	1854
Charlottetown incorporated	1855
First Bank (P. E. I. Bank) chartered	1855
Prince of Wales College opened	1860
Visit of H. R. H. Prince of Wales	1860
Railway Bill passed	1871
Entered Confederation	1873
Present School Act passed	1877

	IN A.D.
First Superintendent of Education (E. Manning)	1877
The Legislative Council abolished	1893
The New P. W. College built	1898
The Prohibition Act passed	1900
Queen Victoria died (January 22nd)	1901
The P. W. C. Annex (MacDonald Hall) built	1906

The great European War between Germany and Austro-Hungary on the one side, and France, Russia and England on the other, was declared on August 3rd, 1914.

The Island was under the Government of Nova Scotia from 1763 to 1770.

The Island enjoyed Self-Government for One Hundred Years, from 1773 to 1873.

The first Governor of P. E. I. was Walter Patterson, appointed in 1770, arrived in 1773.

Our first Steamship was the Pocahontas, (1832), which, while navigation remained open, plied twice a week between Pictou and Charlottetown.

Simultaneous Polling Act—Previous to 1848 there was no particular day set apart in our Island for holding elections, and often men gathered from neighboring constituencies on election day and caused disturbances. To put an end to this, our Legislature enacted, in 1848, that henceforth Elections to the Assembly would be held on the same day all over the

province. This is what is called the "*Simultaneous Polling Act*."

The first name of Charlottetown was "Port La Joye," so called by the French, who were the first European settlers of the Island. The English changed the name to Charlottetown in honor of Queen Charlotte, wife of George III.

Our first House of Parliament, which met in 1773, consisted of eighteen members.

Confederation was inaugurated in 1867.

There have been twenty-two Governors of P.E.I., from 1770 to 1915. Fourteen of these were appointed by the Imperial Parliament, beginning with Patterson; and eight by the Dominion Government, beginning with Daniel Hodgson. The present Governor (1915) is Hon. Benjamin Rogers.

The first Governor-General of the Dominion was Viscount Monk, (1867), previously Governor of Canada.

The name Prince Edward Island was given to this province in honor of Prince Edward, Duke of Kent, father of Queen Victoria, and fourth son of George III, on account of the interest he took in the affairs of our Island, when he commanded the British forces at Halifax.